ALICE。

Words by W. Guernsey.

MUSIC BY J. ASCHER.





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A STORY WITH A POSTSCRIPT.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS, AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET OF THE SEA," "THEIR LAST MEETING," ETC.;

W. H. POLLOCK,

EDITOR OF THE LONDON SATURDAY REVIEW. PART IL.

At last Cameron opened the library door, walked round, and came straight out again, and made immediately for the staircase, mounted it and passed into the gallery until he reached the blue-room, of which he at once opened the door. Then were there murmurs from those who watched him like those to be heard when fireworks are let off. As soon as he had opened this door Cameron shut it again, and stood outside in hesitation. Then he went down the gallery and tried every door with intense deliberation. When he had done this he stood again as one in to the blue-room, opened the door and rushed in. Hardy followed with the lantern, holding it so that those behind could see what happened. What happened was this: Cameron went to the bracket, put his left hand against the wall, straightened himself up as if by a great effort, and just reached the base of the vase with his right hand.

"He'll break it," whispered Sir Kensington, upon whom his wife turned a look of scorn, which missed its effect because he did not ses

Very carefully and slowly Cameron took down the wase without the slightest appearance of risk; but when he had it safe, as it seemed, in both his hands, he shivered and tottered so that Wyoming, who was nearest to him, rushed forward to save the vase, and, supporting it with one hand, laid the other heavily on Cameron's shoulder, as if to infuse new magnetism into

From that moment Cameron's descent to the conservatory was a triumphal march. There was no longer any question of managing the dark lantern, and people hesitated not to won-der in loud voices if he would restore the vase to its original place-which he did at once and without besitation.

Having completed his appointed task, Cameron sank exhausted in a arm-chair, gazing into vacancy, and then quite suddenly gave a shiver, eat up, looked around him, and fixed his eyes nterrogatively on Wyoming, who answered with a quiet nod. Then the silence which had failen on the company, when Cameron sat down, was broken, and the chorus of comments. juestions, answers, expressions of admiration, were even as the "confused noise without" of the drama. This lasted some time, until the company, like tigers, having tasted blood (or to make the simile more exact like the people without consciences who encore singers,) began to suggest "if it were possible," "Mr. Cameron must be tired, and yet if," and so forth, and so forth. One young lady, who seemed not to fully anderstand the novelty of what she had just seen, wanted to know if Mr. Cameron could do s card trick next-she doted on tricks with

"That gives me an idea," said Wyomirg. "Cards suggest chess, you know. Have you a thess-board in the house! "Chess-boards-hey?" said Mr. Bulstrode-Fravis; "heaps of 'em-what!-how many do you

"One will be enough," replied Wyoming. "What is it for?" asked little Mrs. Vendale, in tones which were both hard and caressing. Wyoming refrained from saying, "To play chess with," and answered instead, "You will see directly. Does any one present besides our bost play chess?"

Luine and Sir Kensington ans vered that they played a little. "That is enough," said Wyoming. "What are you up to now!" Cameron inquired. "What are you going to dof" asked Mr. Bul-

strode-Travis, with the double delight in the anscipated commingling of chess and mystery. "I don't know that we can do anything," replied the American. "In fact, so far as I know, nothing of this sort has ever been attempted before. Thought-reading, even in its highest phases, requires promximity, and the test I propose now will be at a distance quite uprece-

"You might at least tell me what you are friving at," said Cameron. Wyoming faced him suddenly. "Do you think we could communicate to each other the moves of a game of chee by will-power alone?"

"I ese," Cameron answered. Then after a pause, he added, "We might try it."

"This is what I propose, then," cried Wyomhis seat with excitement as Cameron came has—"to have the board on this table here back, summoned by Luine. "I have never even

watched by two of the party while the third

makes the moves" "What moves?" asked Mrs. Vendale again. "The moves which will be conveyed by mes-sage from Cameron and myself, who will be each, respectively, shut up in a dark room, the two rooms to be as far from each other as pos-

The audacity of the proposal so startled the assemblage that scarcely anything was said un-til the arrangements were completed. A chess-board was placed on the table, in the center of the conservatory, and, aided by Lavinia, Mr. Bulstrode-Travis nervously arranged the pieces. Then he took an arm-chair alongside the table,

and sat down to watch the game.
"I'll give you the choice of colors, as I suggested the game," said Wyoming. "I try to act like a white man, as you Americans say," Cameron replied, "and so I'll take

"Very well," Wyoming returned. "I'm quite satisfied with the black men; the colored troops can fight nobly, if need be." Then Cameron and Wyoming were stationed in darkened rooms ten yards or more apart,

while one of the company remained with each of them, a third standing sentry in the corridor between. Luine, who was with Cameron, came back to

the conservatory and made the first move for white-pawn to queen's bishop's fourth. At this unconventional beginning Mr. Bulstrode-Travis smiled, and said, "Evidently are to have a surprise-opening. As Luine left the room to rejoin Cameron, Sir Kensington, who was Wyoming's messenger, entered the conservatory, and walking to the

table, made black's first move, knight to queen's bishop's third. "A strange attack calls for strange precautions," was the host's comment on this. Having made the move, Sir Kensington re-

turned to Wyoming. A few seconds after he had left the conservatory Luine reappeared and made white's second move, queen to bishop's second. "The queen looks out at the window," said Lavinia, smiling; she was almost as interested

in the game as her father. After Luine had disappeared, Sir Kensington returned, bearing black's retort, pawn to queen's fourth.

"Is this defense or defiance?" queried Frank Hardy, leaning over Lavinia's chair. Then Luine came with Cameron's third move, knight to queen's bishop's third.

"Good!" cried Mr. Bulstrode Travis. "We shall see all this meaning soon." And he watched eagerly the departure of Cameron's emissary and the arrival of Wyoming's, who moved a black knight to queen's fifth. "Well, he takes the buil by the horns," was the instant remark of the chess enthusiast. And so the moves followed, without any com-

munication between the players, who remained each in his dark room, never speaking, except to whisper to his companion the move he desired to have made on the table in the conservatory "This is more than a blindfold game," said Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, as white's fourth move, queen to rook's fourth, was made, giving check. is a double blindfold game, complicated by the strange and altogether mysterious sympathy or intuition or occult influence which transmits to each the move the other has made. Easily parried "he cried, as black sent forward a pawn

to queen's bishop's third. "He must have a deep motive, but I don't see it," was Mr. Bulstrode-Travis's remark when Luine made white's fifth move, knight to queen's

square. And when Sir Kensington promptly appeared and sent forward a pawn to queen's knight's fourth, Lavinia looked at her father in surprise, and he answered her silent query: "It's either courage or impudence, and I'm sure I don't know which. I'm astonished at the whole affair. I think the game is almost as wonderful as the way they are playing it

a The sixth move was watched with an increasing interest. Luine appeared, and the white pawn took the black pawn, and Luine disappeared. Then Sir Kensington appeared, the black pawn went to queen's bishop's fourth, and Sir Kensington disappeared. "Evidently he despises the attack," commented Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, who was leaning for-

ward in his chair, with both his elbows on the table which held the chess-board. There seemed to be even a shorter interval than usual after Sir Kensington left the conservatory before Luine entered it, to make white's seventh move, pawn to knight's sixth, discovering check. And as swiftly came Sir Kensington back with Wyoming's adroit retort, bishon to queen's second. "Where is the white's queen to gof" asked

Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. "What can white do And white could do no more in effect. In the next move the white queen was taken, and then Luine came in to say that Mr. Cameron resigned the game. Lavinia went to bear the news of his victory to Wyoming, and to call

him in to receive their congratulations.

"It is the most wonderful feat I ever saw!"

cried Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, springing up from
his seat with excitement as Cameron came

heard of anything like it! Are you exhausted by the nervous strain!" "It is wearing on the gray matter of the brain," Cameron replied, "but I shall get my breath in a minute or two

"And you, Mr. Wyoming," said the host to the American, who returned with Lavinia. "You have played an absolutely unprecedented game in an absolutely unprecedented way. I "Really, I don't see how you do it-what!" exactly to your satisfaction," Wyoming answered. "I suppose that I can say that it is a reading of each other's mind." "It must be a great convenience to be able to

read other people's mind," said Lavinia. "I think I should like it." "I'm sure that you would never find anything but pleasant thoughts towards you," Wyoming

Her father was already moving across the conservatory to Cameron. "Thought-reading applied to chess, and performed under test condi-tions, which precluded the possibility of decep-tion—that's what I call it," he said, with oratorical emphasis.

"Well," Cameron replied quietly, "you may call it that." "Is your friend a married man," asked Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, suddenly dropping his voice into a mysterious whisper.
"Wyoming! indeed no; he's a bachelor of the deepest dye," Camerou replied. "And, in your reading of his thoughts, have you yet discovered that his affections are en-

gaged?" pursued the host. "Why? What do you mean?" Cameron "Look there!" said Lavinia's father, with a gesture indicating Wyoming leaning over the young lady, in pleasant conversation, "I do not

know that I should object. "Object to what?" cried Cameron, in sudden "Object to your friend for a son-in-law," said Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. "He seems to be taken

with Lavinia." "I hope not!" ejaculated Cameron. Then, recovering himself, he added: "I had a suspicion that Frank Hardy was rather attentive to her. "No doubt, no doubt," said Lavinia's father; "but I do not think she thinks of him-and that is what's important, you know." "You surprise me," Cameron continued. "I

had supposed that she had rather a liking for "Did you read that in her mind?" asked her father, eagerly. "That would be very curious

"Yes," Cameron rejoined gravely, "it would be very curious indeed." Then he saw his chance. "If you would like to inquire into the future-to consult an oracle, in fact-you might get Wyoming to do the sortes vergilianm for

"To be sure," cried Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. You told me he was an expert. Do you know, I never saw the attempt made." "My friend has a method of his own, quite different from that which is down in the books,"

Cameron explained. "I say, Steele," he cried, "Mr. Bulstrode-Travis would like to see you cast the sortes.' Wyoming crossed the room and joined them. "And what is the question to which you seek an answer," he asked.

Mr. Bulstrode-Travis hesitated; but Cameron, lowering his voice, responded for him: "The others need not know exactly the object of our question, but our host would like guidance in regard to his daughter's future husband." "I see," the American rejoined. "Why not?" "Why not, indeed?" echoed Lavinia's father.

"If you will kindly lend me your skill--what!"

"I will do what I can," Wyoming replied. "Have you a Virgil!" "Lavinia, my dear, will you bring me the Virgil from the library? It is in that long set of classic texts, to the left of the fire-place." "I know where it is, papa," said his daughter, as she rose and left the room.

"And then I shall need a pack of cards," Wy-"A pack of cards-what?" echoed Mr. Bul-"There's a pack in the library," Cameron cried. "Hardy and I were playing piquet before dinner.

When Lavinia returned with the Virgil, Wyoming begged her to keep it for the moment. He requested everybody to sit down. It was with difficulty that he was able to keep Mr. Bulstrode-Travis quiet. In the end, however, the company had taxen seats, Frank Hardy seizing the occasion to claim the place next to Lavinia. They were grouped in an irregular crescent, with Lavinia in the center, and her father on At last, Cameron came back with the cards.

"I've looked over them, old man," he said, "and I've no doubt that you will find them all Wyoming took the pack, and, running through it hastily, he selected twelve hearts, the ace to

the ten, with the knave and queen. "I have here," he explained, "twelve numbers, connting the knave as eleven, and the queen as twelve. And there are twelve books of the Cecil had prepared in advance."

"Eneid.' I will shuffle these dozen cards, and "Oh, oh!" said Cameron; it seems we have

take them to Mrs. Vendale, and ask her to "Must I choose without seeing what it is?" Mrs. Vendale asked. "Take any one," answered Wyoming, fanning them out before her.

"Then, I select this one," she said, picking out the card which the American had kept persistently before her.

"What is it?" cried Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. "It is the seven of hearts," she answered. "The seven—a sacred number—a most fortu-nate choice," said Wyoming. "Now, Miss La-vinia, will you kindly turn to the seventh book of 'Eneid,' which has thus been dictated to us." "I see—I see," commented the host. "You have found the book from which the mystic line is to be taken; but how do you find the line

"You shall see in a moment," responded the American. "I shall distribute five of these cards to different persons present—to Sir Kensington and Lady Gower, to Mrs. Vendale, to Hardy, and to you, Cecil. And I ask you to write down a number, any whole number you please between

one and a hundred, without any cosultation with each other." In a minute more the five numbers were written. Wyoming went from one to the other collecting the cards, which he placed on the top of the pack. Then he went down the line to Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, and handed him five cards. To Frank Hardy, who was watching Wyoming's from the bottom of the pack; but this was apparently a mistake, as the host took the five carde, saying, "And what am I to do with these

"You are to add them together in absolute silence," replied Wyoming; "and I must request that no one speaks until the result is announced. It is essential that there should now be nothing

to distract the attention. For a moment there was no sound to be heard save the scraping of a pencil in the hand of the host, as he copied the numbers out on one card and added them up. "I make it two hundred and fifty-five," he said at last

"Then," and Wyoming spoke with his most impressive manner, "I have to request Miss Lavinia to turn to the two hundred and fiftyfifth line of the seventh book of the 'Eneid,' "I see now," cried Mr. Bulstrode-Travis; "a most ingenious method, and absolutely free from any possible personal influence, as we all collaborated in bringing it about, although of course in different degrees."

"I have the line," said Lavinia. "Then if Mr. Hardy will kindly read it to us," Wyoming went on. "Certainly, if you wish it," Hardy replied, but when his eye fell on the line he flushed and hesitated. Then mastering his surprise he read-Hunc illum fatis externa ab sede profectum

"And what does that gibberish mean!" asked Mrs. Vendale, abrubtly. "It means that the old king of Latium had come to the conclusion that the stranger who had arrived from across the sea was the son-inlaw foretold by the fates," Cameron explained. And Wyoming, leaning over the back of Mr. Bulstrode-Travis's chair, whispered, "Hune generum-this is the son-in-law," and be indicated Frank Hardy. "He comes over sea, as he is an Australian; and, as you may remember, the name of the king's daughter was Lavinia." "So it was," said Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, who

a most extraordinary coincidence, or manifestation, or what shall I call it!" "Do not disregard so solemn a message from the fates," the American rejoined gravely. "If your daughter will have this young Australian, the sooner you make the match the better." And so it came about, and in due season the Morning Post announced that a marriage had been arranged between Lavinia, the only daughter of Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, of Redrose Hall, Flintshire, and Mr. Frank Hardy, who had recently returned from Australia. As there was

recalled his Virgil but vaguely. "Really this is

no reason for delay the wedding was set for early in August. P. S .- It happened that Cameron and Wyoming were in town when the wedding took place, and that they were invited to go to the railway station from which the young people were about to start on their wedding tour. Both Frank and Lavinia felt that their happiness was due in a great measure to the effort of the two friends, and they were prompt in expressing their gratitude. The young couple were in their carriage, while Cameron and Wyoming leaned in at the window. Already the guard's voice was heard, and the departure of the train was imminent. "Tell me one thing," cried the bridegroom, at last summoning courage. "How did you do the chess game! That has puzzled me ever since."

puzzles you?" asked the American. "Yes," replied Hardy, "I think it is, at least I can guess at the others. I know that we found the vase in the blac-room by the ticking of your watch; and I mink that I saw you give my respected father-in-law not the cards we had writ-ten nur bers on, but others with the numbers

Cameron and Wyoming laughed.

a promising neophyte here for the Rosicrucian "But the chess game?" Hardy continued; "there I am puzzled. I don't see it at all. How

did you do it?" Here the guard warned the two friends away from the door of the compartment, and already the first tremor of motion was felt in the train. "This is our last request!" cried Lavinia. "How did you do it?" Wyoming looked at Cameron, who nedded. Then he said quietly: "We made up the game

in advance, and learned it by heart."
"Oh!" said Hardy. And the train started sharply forward and hore the young couple swiftly out of sight to the happiness of a honeymoon.

IRISH TRADITIONS.

Interesting Historic Legends of Some Erin's Ancient Bards. Edvar L. Wakeman, in Pittsburg Dispatch.

But a few miles north of Buncrana, on the shores of the lough, is the dainty hamlet of Fahan. Most travelers would pass it with but a pleasant reflection upon its nestling beauty. Yet there hovers about the little spot the deepest and most attractive ecclesiastic and historic traditionary interest to be found in the north of Ireland. The Abbey of St. Mura was here founded in the early part of the seventh century; the region roundabout was, nearly 300 years earlier, a favorite haunt of St. Patrick himself; St. Mura's holy well is still seen; and for eleven centuries foot-sore pilgrims have come hither for healing through the efficiency of prayer. Our so-called "faith-cure" is not young. More remarkable than all, an unflinching Protestant, Dr. Walter Bernard, of Londonderry, the noted antiquary whose single-handed labors restored the Grianan of Aileach, here set a noble marble cross to mark the shrine for weary Catholic wanderers. I do not know whether this particular cross has ever been by ceremonial sanctioned or blessed. It does not matter. That sort of a civilized deed consecrates itself and all things that go with it. To the Irish of all lands an impressive fact holds interest here. The most eminent successor to St. Mura was Maslmura (the servant of Mura). Of this erudite bardic historian it is recorded in almost inspired verse: "The great and fertile Ireland never produced a man like the mild, fine Maelmura. " " There mixed not a nobler face with the dead." I do not believe there is a loftier or more poetically expressive sentence in all the languages than that last. It is to this most ancient of Irish historic bards, who died in 880, that Ireland owes the preservation of the first accounts of the Milesian or Gadelian race. It is found in Maelmura's Duan Eireannach. or poem of Ireland, written about 850. The bard relates that on the engulfing of Pharao, the gyptians were angered with the children of Niul, who were descended from Fenius of Scythia, for declining assistance in pursuing the Israelites. Fearing enslavement they seized Pharao's deserted ships, and fled by way of the Red sea, India and Asia to Scythia, their own country. After a long time, Asruth, son of Gadbael (or Gael, from whom the Irish have been called Gael), proceeded with the descendents of Niul to Taprabana (Ceylon), when, 290 years thereafter, at the destruction of Troy. Brath, nineteenth in descent from Fenius, led an expedition "to the north of the world;" and, passing Crete, came to "Espain the peninsular." Conquering a certain territory, his son, Breogan, built a city called Brigantia; and, finally, sallying from a lofty tower he had built on the doast, his son, Ith, a brave explorer, discovered Eri, or Ireland, as far as Luimuech (Limerick),

The Hands and Feet.

the country about the mouth of the Shannon.

New York Ledger. We infer from some of the letters received by us from our young readers that a number of them cherish the ridiculous opinion that to have small hands and feet is a sign of noble descent and high breeding. We can assure these deluded damsels that race and breeding have nothing to do with the size of the extremities. The biggest hand we ever saw attached to a human arm was that of a young officer, the scion of a family enobled six centuries ago, and we have seen hands of the most delicate size and texture belonging to persons of the lowest origin. Witness, also, the chubby paw of the most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, whose race has been of royal rank for

Nature proportions the hands and feet with the utmost exactness to the other parts of the body. Consequently, the hands and feet are always just right. To change them would be to destroy the harmony of the frame. To be dis-satisfied with them argues a real vulgarity of mind, a want of good sense and, we may add, a thankless impiety.

Easily Explained.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "What is an edition de lux?" asked a customer in a Pittsburg book-store. "It is simply an edition de looks," was the conclusive reply.

DIRTY TOWNS IN FLORIDA. Report of a Government Inspector About the

Sanitary Condition of McClenny. Washington Special. Surgeon-general Hamilton published late this afternoon the official reports of several of the government inspectors who were ordered to visit cities and towns of Florida, and inform the Marine Hospital Bureau in regard to the prevalence of yellow fever, and as to their sanitary condition. One or two of these reports answer emphatically the question why they have yellow fever in some Florida towns. For instance, the

epidemic has been very severe in McClenny, Baker county, Dr. Posey says: "The general appearance of the town, which consists of perhaps one hundred stores and

dwellings scattered over a rather large area, indicated a very wretched sanitary condition. The streets along the railroad track as well as others were covered with heaps of decaying sawdust and garbage of every description spread over them, drains obstructed and open lots overgrown with weeds and rank vegetation. The floors and platforms of the depot buildings, passenger and telegraph offices and their vicinity were covered with lime which had recently been thrown broadcast. A further stroll through the town revealed a similar deplorable sanitary state; the steps and front galleries and porches and premises of residences lavishly sprinkled with lime and the yards filled with cumulated garbage. No organized had been adopted by the local health authorities to even ameliorate, much less correct, this unsanitary state of their town. The water sup ply is generally obtained from wells at a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, and is of a quality which I consider very unwholesome, having ex perienced personally its disagreeable effects. "The atmospheric condition resulting from such foul surroundings was fully prepared to

propagate the infectious material which had been already introduced into the town and had been gradually developing since Aug. 1. 1 went from house to house and found the sick and dying huddled together in small rooms with windows and doors closed, the floors sprinkled with chloride of lime, carbolic acid and a variety of other disinfectants. The oppressive odor of disinfectants mingling with the close atmosphere of the sick-rooms, laden with the emanations from the excreta and ejecta of the patients, together with the dreadful visages of the dying was shocking to every sense, and the scene was well calculated to appall the stoutes. hearts. I have seldom witnessed a more pitiable and melaucholy sight than that presented to my view in my house-to-house inspection through this desolate, scourge-swept town."

Dr. Posey himself contracted the yellow fever at McClenny, but has since recovered. Dr. J. S. Hartigan reports no yellow fever a St. Augustine or Tampa.

Girls in Trousers. Atlanta Evening Telegram. "What are they?" "They are men, of course."

"No, they are not." "Well, I declare, they are girls with breeches

A crowd of people stood on a public road this morning near the cotten exposition mills and watched two buxom country lasses who had donned pantaloons and were helping their father dig potatoes. Their costume was peculiar and striking. They were a basque, the back end of which answered for a coat tail, and their jeans pantaloons fitted as nicely as if cut out by a New York tailor. They did not seem to mind the rude crowd that stood out in the public road and stared at them. With breeches on, they moved about among the potato hills and clods of dirt with the ease and agility of a man. No cumbersome dress dragged in the dirt and caught on weeds and briars. In such a costume they did as much work as the old man, and may be more.

A farmer who came to the city this morning reported the matter at the Journal office. When the Journal man reached the place the girls had quit the field and gone to the house to propare dinner. They had laid aside their masculine garments and were as womanly and as modest as thrifty housewives could be. After dinner they were to put on their pantaloons again and follow the plows the rest of the afternoon. Dresses are even more in the way when a woman is plowing than when she is digging po-

This is a new move among farm girls. It will probably take like wild fire. There are many country lasses who are called upon to go out into the fields and belp the men folks, and if their labor is doubled on account of the inconvenience of skirts, why shouldn't they wear pantaloons while working in the field?

Philadelphia Record. Mrs. Bliffers-"An agent for a new burglar-alarm was here, to-day, and I told him to call again when you were at home." Mr. Bliffers-"Huh! Burglar-alarms! There is nothing in this house to steal." "No, but when the neighbors hear we have

fitted up our house with burglar-alarms they will think we have something to steal, my dean